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Alice and the White Cat



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Chapter 1 by Alice Marie Bride

The White Cat was a rather pompous little fluff-ball. It sat in my window, gazing outward towards that awful willow tree in the garden, with a stare that could match no other. it's eyes were a stark blue or green- they changed colour with the light so often I can't grasp their real shade. The impromptu finding of this cat is a rather strange story, but I can't seem to remember how it goes. After I had fallen into a coma and locked myself away in a land the doctor's told me was fictional nonsense. My memory slips even as I speak... **won't you help me remember?**

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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Another character should appear, as if to help Alice, but not physically be there or interject.

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